



Feminine Fancy.



"Has she been divorced yet?"
"No; she's still a commonplace parvenue."



"I'm so sunburned my husband won't be able to recognize me."
"Oh! That opens up interesting possibilities."

A TRIM CRAFT.
SHE'S as trim as any yacht—
Graceful, tapering in line.
I regret that she is not
Sailing as a craft of mine.
Yet she has a subtle craft
As the bath days come and go;
Whether on the beach or raft,
She is bound to be the show.
She's a trim yacht, if you will,
Sailing o'er the social seas,
With Dan Cupid at the tiller
And sailing at his ease.
She has gone on starboard tack,
Then again has swung to port
To my heart and then sailed back,
Wafted by some quick retort.
She is swift to sail away
By the light of Venus, for
She's no good, I'm bound to say,
On the course triangular.
Three "legs" make that up, you know,
What can winsome Winnie do?
All the legs that she can show
Is compassed by the number two.
JEFFERSON IRVING

BELATED SUMMER MEDLEY.

By R. K. Munkittrick.

THE daisies are gayly nodding on their somewhat unsteady pins and now
The green apple tumbles from the bough
On a sort of parabolic frolic
That does not colic
When it glides the inner cow
Which is grazing while the stars for no
Particular reason, but just drifts aimlessly
about, munching the minted mead, and occa-
sionally looking into the lapus lazuli that
backgrounds the fleecy clouds, and then gar-
ning this way and that
While she gives the fly a bat
With her tail
That simply knocks him flat
Without fail.
The post wanders by the seashore and
wists of the numerous things that he con-
siders well worth wisting. The hyacinthine
zephyr leaves its airy couch on the hisping
waves, and, hitting the whiskers of the am-
phibious farmer, who is gathering kelp for
bedding, caroms on the ringlets of the poet
as he rails.
While he of the grieflet chants
That is gnawing at his spirit
And the bosom of his "pants."
The ocean boniface is vasefishing the sea
serpent for business purposes and the moun-
tain landlord is praying for a shower of tar
balls to prevent the moths from eating the
distillers of the sheep.
The lily's gently bobbing to and fro upon
the crystal stream.
And the house dog's in a dream
Of the muzzle
That will puzzle
Him if he would up and sizzle
The thin or fat
Cat.
The golf ball is whizzing across the green,
and the tennis ball is flying over the net,
And yet
The blue eyed pet
Is not entirely happy because her gentle
spirit rocks and bubbles with romance,
And she would up and dance,
And sit upon the rock looking out across
the sea.
In a soulful rever-see
With a fond entrancing he
Who would quickly glad her warm em-
purpled dream
With a plateful of ice cream!
The expert balances the canoe and drifts
along the lake as if sliding down the land-
scape of a vision not builded on a foundation
of Welsh rabbits, but on a handful of pro-
pective loggables.
The quail is whistling on the rail.

The Saucy Soubrette.

She cometh here from London town
With Paris boots and English gown,
Her yellow hair quite neatly done,
And up to date in shapely bun,
The Saucy.
She dances for the ready cash
And sings her songs for drink and hash;
She's here for coin and not for fun,
At least not till the battle's won.
The Saucy.
She takes the town and is the craze,
The critics all her antics praise,
She's full of life yet never rude
And snubs the thing we call a dude.
The Saucy.
WILL M. CLEMENS.

Interrupted Dreams.

We are dreamers all, and 'tis sweet to sit
And dream as the swift-winged moments
fly;
To follow the soul in its airy flight
To a magical land of pure daylight;
To bask in the light of sweet fancy's sun
And of cares and griefs to know no one.
It is sweet to dream, as the days go by,
And note not the hours as they swiftly fly;
To dream that the world holds no carking
woe
And no gall of the chain of toll to know.
But when comes a man—what a sad ex-
treme—
With a bill for the rent—that is no dream!
ARTHUR J. BURDICK.



"I wonder why she has not been in
bathing yet."
"If she did go in perhaps the reason
would be at once apparent."

JUST A STACK OF BLUES.

By Charles Stow.

It may be said in favor of poker that it
is a game in which even the veriest cur-
mudgeon is more than willing to show
everybody the glad hand.
It is a scientific fact, capable of chemical
demonstration, that in a game of draw one
can burn his celluloid chips as easily as his
greenbacks.
Poker, too, has its paradoxes. For ex-
ample, the deeper you get in the less in-
clined are you to get out.
It is an open question which is the more
risky, to play a bobtail on the track or in
the game.
The unlucky seat in the game is always
occupied.
In raising the other fellow beware of
raising hades as well.
It is up to the liquor dealer to decide
whether a brandy flush will beat a whiskey
straight.
In poker it is not only a good but often
a necessary rule to "hold up an outsider"—
that is if he'll stand for it.
From the way some players make the
chips fly, one might infer that they im-
agined they were chopping wood.
Poker's kitty has but one mouth, but it
takes many hungry ones to feed it.
There are droves of bulls and whole flocks
of lambs in poker, but nary a bear.
Poker seems to be a much more ancient
game than is generally supposed, for is it

CAUSE OF REFORMATION.

By Harry Irving Horton.

WONDER why it is I can't get you to
try your luck at poker. You used to
play a good deal in the old days, be-
fore I left town. It's certainly evi-
dent that you don't play as much as
you did, but I can't understand the
reason. Usually the disease grows on
one, but a cure seems to have been found
in your case. Be kind enough to explain,
old man.
"I wish you wouldn't call me 'old man.'
It's all right when you are young, but if
you keep it up for years you know there
comes a time when you find yourself twitting
on facts."
"Excuse me, my boy."
"That sounds better; you are forgiven.
Now I will answer your question. I don't
play poker as much as I used to, in fact, I
don't play it at all. I reformed ten years
ago; haven't touched a card since."
"How did you come to give up the game?"
"Simply because it caused me to make the
greatest mistake of my life."
"Your story is interesting, or rather, it
promises to be, if you will only tell it."
"I don't mind telling it to you, although I
haven't told it before and I shouldn't care to
give everybody the benefit of it."
"It's safe enough with me, you know."
"I'm sure of that, or I would say nothing
more. You know that Ross Weldon and I
were great friends years ago and that we
married sisters—the Mason sisters; but
what you don't know is that we were both
at one time in love with the same Miss
Mason."
"Which one? Your wife or the present
Mrs. Weldon?"
"Don't spoil my story. We were both in
love with the same girl, or imagined we
were, which was quite a mistake. I was
a friendly rival, all through, and although
the girl in the case knew well enough that
we loved her, we had never told her so in
words. Both hesitated to do so, for we were
so loyal in our friendship that each felt that
it would be unfair to the other to speak
without first securing the consent of that
other, and that, as you will readily under-
stand, was neither an easy thing to ask nor
an easy thing to grant. You see, Ross and
I fully understood and appreciated the state
of each other's feelings."
"How did you ever decide which should
have the opening argument? Did you draw
lots?"
"No, not exactly. One evening, after our
return from a banquet, when my George
Washington regard for the truth compels
me to admit we had not been drinking tea,
we were feeling, well, perhaps a little reck-
less and we decided to play poker for an
even hour, at the end of which time the
winner should be at liberty to speak to the
fair one. I knew it wasn't just the way to
decide such a question and neither of us
was proud of the scheme afterward, but I'm
giving you history, not moral philos-
ophy. Well, everything ran my way. I
won. The next day I called and spoke the
words which I believed were to seal my
fate for all time—and I guess they did. She
said, 'Yes, and I was a happy man, that is,
for a little while.'
"Aren't you happy now?"
"My dear friend, you are not very ob-
serving; though I am only thirty-eight I
have very little hair left and what I have
is white."
"But why blame the game? If Ross had
spoken first he would have been refused and
you would have spoken afterward and been
accepted."
"You are ignorant of your subject, my dear
child; he wouldn't have been refused. The
lady in the case would have married either
of us; it was merely a financial question
with her. Ross, you know, has always been
wealthy, and I, too, had money in those good
old days. Yes, I had assets then where I
have liabilities now."
"How did Ross take it?"
"Oh, he felt badly for a time, of course,
but he recovered and married the real jewel
of the family, while I, well, I guess I've said
enough; it isn't manly to speak against your
wife. We were unengaged, that's all; she
loved society and I my books and pipe."
"Under the circumstances, I don't know
as you can be blamed for giving up the
game."
"No, quite naturally I have an aversion
to it."
"You and Ross aren't as friendly as you
were, I take it; he hasn't been here since I
came."
"No, but I suppose the fault is mine rather
than his. I don't think he has any unkind
feelings toward me. He certainly has no
reason to have; I saved him from a life of
unhappiness; but I don't feel just right toward
him."
"Why not?"
"Well, it may be a foolish idea of mine,
but now and then I get to going over that
awful hour of poker and I remember how
steadily I won, and, do you know, I some-
times think that Ross cheated!"

CONCERNING BIRD LORE.

By Horace Seymour Keller.

THE sedate man, ministerial as to garb,
with a few more weary ones for the down
train. A couple of sparrows playing
with a bit of string on the platform drew
his attention thither at once. Ah! Here is
subject for conversation—to wit, to sharpen
the blunt edges of the tedium of waiting;
also to spread a little merriment in the wild-
erness, so to speak, and teach one of the great
problems of life—viz., that nothing comes
amiss to the man who waits at the Junction
and is eager to do a bit of missionary
work for the good of mankind.
"Bird lore is a favorite study of mine; and
the man who keeps his eyes open can learn
much from the feathered innocent of the air.
Did you ever pay much attention to birds,
friend?" he asked, turning to the husky
young man on his left, who had his cigar
elevated forty degrees and was puffing
while he smoked at the dirty sign, which
read, "No Smoking."
"Say, did I? It has been me study, boss,
for life, birds has. Say, boss, it gives me a
hard pain troo me gizzard when a straight
out an' outer Mexican red gits de dusty gaff
in the neck from a dirty Plymouth Rock,
what oughter be on de griddle 'stead of in
de pit. De wise guy up in de rural parts
done me outer fo'ry plunk on de fust main.
De next go I got even by backin' a dandy
goldin' spangle what knew de ins an' outs
of his biz from de word go. It was a caution
to see de little cuss sail inter de pride
of Harlem, whot come from de Philippines
wid de trade mark of a nifty fighter blowed
inter every feather. I had me dough on de
little goldin' spangle, an' say, I pulled dere
legs for sixty plunks. Birds? I am de boss
on cock fights in de'—"
But the sedate man of ministerial garb put
his fingers into his ears and turned away
to a corner seat by the side of a good na-
tured looking man with pop eyes, who im-
mediately proceeded to tackle him at once.
"Id vas apoud peards you vanded do
know, nid? Vell, I doid you allus apoud
me to admit we had not been drinking tea,
we were feeling, well, perhaps a little reck-
less and we decided to play poker for an
even hour, at the end of which time the
winner should be at liberty to speak to the
fair one. I knew it wasn't just the way to
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